

Friends Society of

To

1714

T H E
Second P A R T
O F T H E
FAIR QUAKERS:
A
P O E M.

*Tot tibi tamque dabit Formosas ANGLIA Nymphas:
Hæc habet, ut dicas Quicquid in Orbe fuit.
Facies non Omnibus Una,
Nec Diversa tamen, Qualem decet esse Sororum.*

Ovid.

L O N D O N:
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THE
ART
OF
DRAWING
BY
M. DUCHESNE

WITH A HISTORY OF THE
ART OF DRAWING
IN ALL COUNTRIES
BY
M. DUCHESNE

VOYAGE
TO
INDIA

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
Second Poem, &c.

HOW Blest is BRITAIN, where such
 Beauties spring?
And Swains that can so well their Praises sing!
Such Gen'rous Youths, that, in a Vicious AGE,
In VERTUE's, and in BEAUTY's Cause engage.
Oh! did their spark'ling Eyes the Lustre yield:
Or did their spark'ling Wit their Beauty gild?
Not so; for Both with Native Charms are Blest,
And of a sep'reate Empire Both possest:
Yet Both Exalted, when their Beams Combine,
Like Stars that Brightest in Conjunction shine.

Brave

Brave was the Youth that first did lead the Way ;
And Brave the Youth that made the next Essay.
When such Success the first Attempt did crown,
Who cou'd expect a Harvest of Renown ?
Yet has the bold Successor took the Field,
That does a Harvest of fresh Beauties yield.
The first a Beauteous Constellation rais'd,
All well deserving, and deserv'dly Prais'd.
The next advancing with his Bright SUPPLY,
The Constellation makes a Galaxy.
Then, to Reward their gen'rous Zeal and Art,
May Two Bright Nymphs their fav'ring Aspects

dart :

For each has One amongst the lovely Quire,
(Tho' justly all the Rest they do admire) }
To whose Affections humbly they aspire. }
Nor let them fear their Passion will decline,
No more than their Own Beauties cease to shine ;
Their Charming Verse their Constancy will prove :
They who so well can Write, as well can Love.

N. T.

A D D I T I O N
TO THE
POEM,
INTITL'D,
The Fair Quakers, &c.

BEGIN, O grateful Muse, a Second Strain;
And aid, ye Rural Nymphs, the tuneful Swain:
Thou Sacred **PAN**, whom all the Swains admire,
Breath on my Lines. Assist, with Genial Fire,
Ye Pow'rs of **Love**, who late your matchless Bard
With Myrtle Wreaths and Lawrels did reward.
Let crowding Raptures in my Numbers shine,
And lucid Thoughts adorn each harmless Line.

O Fair **URANIA**! guard the virtuous Song,
And guide the Muse in gradual Steps along,
Start to the Theam; on **Pindus** mossy Down
No more thy lugent hapless Fate bemoan.

O Silver Thames ! thy quiet Banks abound
 With Nymphs, which ne'er on Ida's Top were found,
 Whose Vertues, drawn in true methodic Verse,
 The sprightly Bards in tuneful Lays rehearse ;
 Tuneful, as the soft Strings of Sappho's Lyre,
 Concordant Notes grace their pathetic Fire.
 But, Oh ! the Nymphs who shine in Virtue bright,
 Auspicious as the Rays of Cynthia's Light,
 Yet have escap'd the dazzled Poet's Sight :
 Although as Lovely and as Chast a Throng,
 The glorious Subject of a Second Song :
 Their Lustre in all Moral Actions shine,
 In Rays resplendent, and in Gleams Divine !
 O could my Verse as well with His compare,
 As with His Nymphs my set of Beauties are !
 But their own Charms and Merits will prevail,
 And do Them Justice, if their Poet fail.

Now, Muse, resume thy wonted Notes, and sound
 Sonorous Praises in a shrill Rebound,
 Echo'd by all the list'ning Vales around.
 Illustrous Country Maternal Beauties grace,
 And Modesty adorns her comely Face :
 All Vertues reign within her quiet Breast,
 And Scenes of Vice do ne'er her Soul molest :
 Soft moving Glances dart from lingual Eyes,
 Which wound all Hearts with Wonder and Surprise,
 In Carriage Courteous, Affable and Kind,
 The Ethic Morals reign in her refin'd.
 Happy the Man, who e'er of thee possest,
 Finds in thy circling Arms a lasting Rest !

Next B----d invades, whose Vertues are inshrin'd
 In close Recesses of reserved Mind :
 A comely Aspect, and a pleasing Smile,
 Darting in ev'ry Glimpse a harmless Guile.

A Nymph, whose Vertues Tongue nor Pen can draw,
 Strikes my young Muse at once with Zeal and Awe ;
 Fair M---li---n, whose florid melting Lays,
 In just Applause, deserve our highest Praise.
 Her Charms the Lyd'an Goddesses outvye,
 As Crystal Ether the beclouded Sky.

Soft Queen of Love, inform my feeble Pen !
 Direct my Flight ! Too high for mortal Men,
 Without thy Aid ! Becoming Features grace
 The awful Prospect of her beauteous Face ;
 Such Mien and Air, O Venus, in her Smiles,
 She carries all your own engaging Wiles :
 Like thee she darts her bright, yet killing Charms,
 The Bow of Cupid is her bending Arms.

Admiring Lovers court the lishing Fair,
 Sigh, cringe, and bow, and lie in deep Despair.
 Wou'd such indulgent Fortune grace my Days,
 As live i'th' Sun-shine of thy glorious Rays,
 My Life in blissful Ease wou'd gently pass,
 I'd never mind who held the fatal Glass.

Then cou'd I say, O Clorbo ! spin my Thread ;
 And, Atropos, my Fear of thee is fled :
 Nor Lacbris shou'd e'er my Thoughts perplex,
 Nor Pluto's Furies my Enjoyment vex.
 Where thou art present, there's Elixian Land ;
 Where thou art absent, there's th' Infernal Strand.
 If on the flowing Thames thou deign't to go,
 It seems the Rill of Paradise below.

Where-

Where-e'er thou deign'st in soft Abode to dwell,
It makes a *Palace* of the lowl'est *Cell*.

As when bright *Phebus* shrinks his awful Head
Within the Curtains of his Thetean Bed,
In languid Rays fair *Cynthia* does appear,
And still encreases Light, and looks more clear,
As Gloom ensconces all the Hemisphere.
So younger *M--li--n*, thy Virtuous Mind,
(If the propitious Pow'rs above are kind)
Will shine more bright, as Time augments thy Store,
And adds to budding Charms an endless Number more.

B R I G H T H----'s far expanding Rays appear,
Like *Sol* and *Luna* in our Hemisphere;
That rougher Nymphs in them may see their Guide,
And the less Fair forsake their gaudy Pride:
Whilst these Two Charmers innocently shine,
And wound the gazing Swains without Design.

T h o u E l d e r F a i r, I want thy Art to shew
Thy lovely Features in their proper Hue,
And tell what *Blusbes* (when thy Swain retires,
Hopeless to gain what he so much admires)
Adorn thy Cheeks, as cause his flagrant Fires.

H E R n o b l e S o u l to noble Things encline:
Her awful Mien confesses her Divine:
Her Truth and Beauty make her Virtue shine.
Divine Impressions of Cœlestia Grace,
Diffus'd with Rosy Red, adorn her Face,
Each bright Embellishment at once disarms.
A Train of Youths, all wounded with her Charms,
In pensive Looks they mourn their hopeless Loves,
And tell their Grief in Solitary Groves.

As

As fair *Diana* on the Savage Plain
 Distinguish'd shone amongst her Virgin Train,
 So *V----fl---n* does, in more transcendent Gleams,
 Dart sparkling Lustre from her Starry Beams :
 Her Shady Brows Majestic Motions give,
 And doom the trembling Swains to dye or live.
 Such Graces do her Saint-like Soul inshrine,
 As shew a Virgin more than half Divine :
 Compleat in Lineaments, and exquisite
 In ev'ry Charm that yields a sweet Delight :
 In Voice, serene : In lingual Art, polite.
 Let list'ning Swains attend the sacred Choir,
 Whilst thus your Vertues strike my harmless Lyre ;
 Whilst thus your Charms infuse a secret Flame,
 And Woods resound, in vocal Praise, your Name,
 Repeating *V----fl---n* in each silent Grove,
 The chief Recess of Swains unhappy Love.

A h ! wou'd my Muse my Thoughts cou'd now refine,
 And gather Epithets from *Cabaline*,
 A Nymph, whose Worth deserves immortal Praise,
 My Lyre shou'd tune in most Melodious Lays :
 Auspicious *R-----le* shou'd adorn my Theam,
 Whose Eyes dart Lustres in a radiant Gleam :
 Her Lineaments Fertile: Her Form Divine :
 Her Actions just: Her Vertues nobly shine.
 She treads in awful Plight ; Majestic Pace
 Adorns her pliant Feet with florid Grace.
 Admiring Lovers gaze with cautious Eyes,
 Till struck with sad Amazement and Surprize,
 Backward they start, and own the total Pow'r
 Of *R-----le's* Sway ; then Curse the fatal Hour,
 Blaming their Fate, such Votaries they prove
 To hopeless Passion, and abortive Love.

The Nymph with low'ring Frowns and high Disdain,
Forgets their Briny Tears, and woeful Pain.

A Swain for her, in solitary Grove,
(The silent Mansion of disast'rous Love)
Once mourning fate, afraid his Flame to vent,
But hopeless laid in horrid Discontent,
Where none but Echo, with a kind return
Of equal Accent, did his Passion mourn.
Then breaking out into an Extasie,
Proclaim'd, in Grief, this mournful Elogy,
“ End here my Fate, ye Pow'rs! and anxious Mind!
“ Let me some speedy Ease from Cupid find!
The Echo back return'd this Sound again,
“ Cease here thy Fate, cease here thy anxious Pain.
The penive Swain, who heard the Echo's Sound,
His Part'ner sought, who was not to be found:
Till, list'ning, *Philotel* a kind Relief
Gave to the Swain, by sympathizing Grief:
Her Harmony his throbbing Breast inspir'd
With sprightly Thoughts, and all his Vitals fir'd.
He found that others Fate, like his, did prove
Abortive, and disast'rous too, in Love:
He found the Grove inur'd to Sighs and Tears,
Each conscious Tree a Tragic Signal bears,
Their pierced Barks record some broken Vow,
And Willow Garlands hang on e'ry Bough.

S T R A I T at these Thoughts, he left his baleful Woe,
And wonted Sighs his pensive Heart forego.
In Lustre now, return'd to chearful Plains,
He tunes his Lyre among the Neighb'ring Swains.

Ah ! think, regardless Fair ! how flying Time,
And passing Years, impair thy Youthful Prime :

Thy

Thy florid Bloom will not for ever stay,
And Flow'rs, ungather'd, on their Stalks decay.

WHILST thus I trace, there now appears in sight
R----ns, whose Vertues cast a splendid Light.
Bright Rays of Lustre shine from brilliant Eyes;
Which dazzle all Beholders with Surprize;
Like those who dare, with strenuous Sight, to spy
The fiery Steeds of *Phæbus* as they fly,
O'ercast with Light, their rash Attempts decline,
And with an humbler Thought confess the same Divine.
Accomplish'd Charms adorn her lovely Parts,
Which strike both cautious and unthinking Hearts.
Her Mind reserv'd; yet Conversation free:
Courteous to all, in bounded Liberty:
Modest, not Coy. Her Vertues are inshrin'd
In close Recefs, investigable Mind.
Her Tongue, in ev'ry Accent, does impart
Soft tacit Motions of her gentle Heart.
Not *Phosphor*, Usher of the splendid Day,
With greater Lustre does his Light display;
E're *Phæbus* Char'ot in the East appears,
Tracing the Horizon in swift Carrers.

FAIR *W---t* next shall I attempt to sing,
Whose Praise, in Plaudits, makes each Grove to ring.
Her inward Grace, and outward Charms surprise;
This tempts, but that restrains the Lover's Eyes.
Her matchless Shape, her Cheeks with Blushes shone,
For Nuptial Rites, to full Perfection grown:
And such affecting Charms augment her Fame;
Who can enough repeat lov'd *W---t*'s Name?
O Powers of Love! preserve her Vital Breath;
I cou'd pronounce her Blessing in my Death.

As when fair *Cynthia*, in our Hemisphere,
 Does helespherical, and full appear ;
 Then Stars, that in her Absence blaz'd so Bright,
 Content themselves to shine with feebler Light.
 So when engaging *Cœrx*, with Air serene,
 Consummate Features, and Majestic Mien,
 Enters in view, the Others scarce are seen.
 All Princely Virtues centre in her Soul ;
 No Tyrant Passion can her Breast controul :
 No Perturbation can disturb her Mind :
 Her Carriage affable ; her Words refin'd :
 Her Aspect comely, and her Form divine :
 Inherent Wisdom in her Actions shine :
 Polite her Wit : Her Sense and Knowledge sound :
 Her Judgment large ; her Intellects profound.
 Astonish'd Amorists, with equal Rage,
 And warm pursuit, the lovely Nymph engage :
 Whilst free from all, with modest blushing Smile,
 She steers her Life in Inoffensive Guile.

STATELY as *Merab*; as *Minerva*, bright,
 Chaste as *Diana*, One appears in sight,
 T---z---k, whose Features shine like radiant Stars,
 And at one Sight dart Pleasures, Doubts and Fears.
 Her Speech, the Emblems of her Courteous Mien,
 Mild, but not faint ; and forcing, tho' serene.
 Whene'er she speaks, Oh ! how the list'ning Throng
 Are charm'd with melting Music from her Tongue !
 Her florid Cheeks resolute Charms descry,
 Like fair *Aurora* in the Eastern Sky ;
 Darting such flagrant Rays, enough to move
 A Cynic, or an *Exonite* to Love.
 No blooming Charms are wanting to her Face ;
 And in her Soul there centers heavenly Grace.

Her Pow'r, like great *Andrestes*, still disarms
All rugged Spirits, and the coldest warms ;
Such as cou'd draw a Prince into her Arms.

When here Immortal *E---e* deign'd to come,
And for *Britannia* left his native Home,
The *Roman* Prince was by her Beauties fir'd,
(Beauties and Charms by ev'ry Swain admir'd.)
Her chaste Déportment shew'd her well to be
A vestal Maid train'd up in Modesty :
Such Modesty that gives all Beauty Grace,
And makes the Charms more lovely in her Face :
It makes the Roses with the Lillies join ;
The sweet Carnation with the Jessamine.
This Goddess too does oft a Factor prove
To barter Hearts, and trade in chaste Love.
So does she move the Soul, and touch the Heart
With Virgin Beauties not debauch'd by Art,
E---e, unconquer'd *E---e*, own'd her Sway,
Who yet (as conquer'd) did her Pow'r obey.
Thus to her Charms a Votary he prov'd,
Struck at the Sight, at once admir'd, and lov'd.

HAIL ! blooming Fair ! whose soft persuading Pow'r,
And heav'nly Eyes, present like Beauties Bow'r.
May *Hebe's* Spring with thee for ever stay,
And *Pallas'* brightest Charms ne'er find Decay :
Or, when thou deign'st a Nuptial Life to prove,
May all thy Days be spent in Bliss and Love.

T H E Beauteous *H---k* next invites my Pen :
H---k ! the Wonder and the Praise of Men !
H---k ! whose Merits grace my tuneful Lays,
In Numbers soft, as are her pow'rful Rays.

D

In

In whom the sacred Graces all appear,
And Beauty shines as in its native Sphere.
What florid Arts from pleasing Features fly,
Whilst Roses deck her Cheeks with Crimson Dye,
And Beams of Light dart from her piercing Eye !
Such is her outward Form, and such her Mind,
Pure Innocence, with spotless Vertue join'd.
All that can make a Virgin here compleat,
Are center'd in her Soul, that's truly great.

But now appears (just like the Rising Sun,
That leaves the Briny Deep, when Night is done)
Refulgent K----t : Applaus'd by Rural Swains,
In Tuneful Accent on the Verdant Plains.
The Radiant Stars, that grace the Gloomy Skies,
Do not out-shine the Lustre of her Eyes ;
From which Enlighten'd Orbs such Glances dart,
As fire, with glowing Beams, each Gazer's Heart.
But, Oh ! what daring Muse cou'd ever trace
Thy Virt'ous Soul ; instill'd with Heav'nly Grace,
Which Time's inveterate Teeth can ne'er deface.
We need no tutoring from thy florid Eyes,
To make our Hearts in Love to sympathize ;
For Love's the only Good that dwells with Thee :
With Thee ! the Emblem of Divinity !
Thy Beams reflect such Lustre in my Face,
Dazl'd with Light, no more thy Praise can trace ;
But leave the Theam to him whose warbling Lyre
In Accent, can with B----y's Muse aspire :
Ally'd to thee in Blood, can charm with equal Fire.

UNGRATEFUL Muse to fair Uramia's Train !
Must O----n in Oblivion here remain !
She whose great Worth deserves immortal Praise,
And e'er be sounded in melodious Lays
Then

Then why shou'd I her just Applause decline,
 Who is a Sphere wherein all Vertues shine ;
 Adorn'd with Prudence, Wisdom, Chastity ;
 But above all with true Humility.
 Humility the Basis, where do rest
 Those blooming Actions that must make us blest.
 Great Pattern of true Worth, that does subdue
 The sternest Foe, and make his Love renew !

Go, Pious Maid ! who nobly dost outvye,
 In this thy State of true Humility,
 Those whom Ambition tosses to the Sky !
 So safe, upon the Beech, the Rural Swain
 Beholds the Trouble of the swelling Main ;
 And, by Contentment, does those Dangers shun,
 Into whose Arms the greedy Sailors run.

Thus has my Virgin Muse, with modest Flight,
 Assay'd to do the Vertuous Beauties Right.
 Oh ! may those Nymphs upon my Numbers smile,
 And grace my Verse, as they adorn our Isle !
 But if my Fancy flags, they'll still remain
 A Chaste, a Pious, and a Charming Train,
 And worthy of Religious *ANNA*'s Reign,

Then why I speak I know not, but I speak
 Who is a Sphæra, a planet, or a star? None
 Above me, but I speak not of them, Christ
 But spouse all in it am I, and I am
 Humilitye that tell me, myselfe doth
 These poor min Aglowe like unto a fire
 Christe pattern of our Mortall, that chose us
 To refreſh hope, and make his place knowne

O, Rose Mary! who bore youe
 In this daye Sweete of the Humilitye
 Those without Aspiration come to this daye!
 So late upon the Beccy, the Rouny Swanne
 Bespyles the Tidings of the Glorieous Mary;
 And by Conseruement goes thence Danyell the
 Two wrothes Amis the Greedy Sinner

Thus was my Virgin Mary, with meſſey life
 Afeare to see the Vertuous Beloued Right
 Oh! may thys Numbere honor my Numere lifte
 And glisse my verte as they about meſſe!
 But if my Huske fyres shal I ſtill remeint
 A Chaffe a Bone, and a Channelling Thine
 And mortynge of Religion Annes Regio